

I'll Never let you go

chirlagirl

Star Wars

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

Summary: Anakin is an evil Sith Lord and Supreme Chancellor Palpatine's apprentice. During the Separatist crisis, Anakin is sent to handle the troublesome Senator Padmé Amidala. However, Anakin has had an eye on the beautiful senator and has an alter

1. I'll Never let you go

Summary: Anakin is an evil Sith Lord and Supreme Chancellor Palpatine's apprentice. During the Separatist crisis, Anakin is sent to handle the troublesome Senator Padmé Amidala. However, Anakin has had an eye on the beautiful senator and has an alternate fate in store for her.

Warning: This is very AU. Do not expect the SW universe as we know it. You have been warned. Oh... and these characters aren't of my making and I don't EVER presume to make money off of their creator George...

Padmé was very upset. She couldn't believe that Anakin Skywalker had dared to invade her home world of Naboo. He was said to be the hammer of Chancellor Palpatine — no one who crossed Anakin Skywalker lived to tell the tale. He was ruthless, an executioner who danced to the sound of his victim's pleas. He dealt out the Chancellor's brand of justice without mercy and never looked back at the destruction he wrought or the lives that he ended.

It was only a matter of time before that arrogant bastard set foot in her home, Padmé seethed. She'd sooner see it engulfed in a blazing inferno than have this Skywalker stain its serenity with his evil presence. Someone who possessed such a black heart didn't deserve to behold the graceful beauty of one of the treasures of Naboo.

As Anakin strode with purposeful steps into the country lake house of Senator Amidala, he was determined to bring her to heel before the Supreme Chancellor. The senator had been reckless in her opposition to both the Chancellor and the Republic and recently Palpatine had received reports leading him to believe that Senator Amidala was actually leading the Separatist movement against him. Infuriated, he was intent upon making an example of the willful girl and so he sent his most trusted man to do the job for him.

Anakin's loud steps vibrated through the long marble hallway that led out onto the veranda where Senator Amidala stood flanked by two of her handmaidens. She turned away from the approaching footsteps and looked out toward the lake, not wanting to see the monster who was invading her sanctuary. Padmé didn't really care what happened to her anymore. As long as her family was safe anything else she was made to endure she would do so gladly.

Briefly Padmé thought of Paolo. Sweet, brave Paolo who tried to convince her to go to Theed along with her parents before Chancellor Palpatine found her. How she loved Paolo! He was her constant companion, her dearest friend. Although he had fallen in love with her, and confessed on many occasions his undying devotion to her, Padmé was too busy with her politics to really take what Paolo told her seriously. Now she wished that perhaps she would have seen him in a different light.

Padmé heard the heavy footfalls stop behind her. Her handmaidens shifted nervously at her side.

"Leave us," an authoritative voice commanded.

Sabé and Sashé did not flinch. They were determined to protect their lady at all costs.

“Leave or I’ll kill you where you stand.” Anakin said forcefully.

Sabé and Sashé looked at each other, their hands ready by their weapons. Still, they did not move, ready to die for Padmé no matter the circumstances.

“Go,” Padmé ordered both of them. Anakin’s calculating threat only proved to her that he wasn’t to be taken lightly. She wasn’t about to let both of her most trusted friends and loyal servants die because of her. “Don’t worry about me.”

“But milady!” protested Sabé. “We aren’t going to leave you alone with him.”

“You don’t have a choice!” Padmé snapped. She then softened her tone, holding both Sabé and Sashé close. ‘Protect my family now,’ she ordered them in a hushed whisper. “I’ll be fine.”

Both of her handmaidens reluctantly left, leaving Padmé alone to face Master Skywalker.

“You know why I’m here,” Anakin said.

Padmé stubbornly refused to turn around. He wasn’t worthy of a glance, let alone her undivided attention.

“Look at me, Senator.” he commanded.

Padmé’s shoulders stiffened. How dare he issue her orders! She ignored his request and focused on a far away speck on the horizon, wishing herself anywhere but in his presence.

Anakin thought of using the Force to make her comply, but he was curious to see how Padmé would try to resist him. Although he was determined to bend the senator to his will, one of the things he had come to admire about her was her determination to stand up for herself and what she believed in. When the Chancellor had commanded Anakin to rid the Senate of the young woman’s presence, Anakin had taken the opportunity to suggest to Palpatine that Padmé’s fate should lie in his loyal servant’s hands. Anakin had never really asked the Chancellor for anything outright and the politician was intrigued.

Palpatine had not only groomed Anakin as his apprentice but had also insisted that the young boy spend his time at the Jedi Temple to complete his training. He’d sensed that the Force was strong with Anakin and he had been intent upon using this to his own advantage. Using his power of office, the Chancellor had forced Master Yoda to accept Anakin into the Jedi Order despite the fact that Anakin had been far too old to begin training. Now Anakin was a powerful Jedi Master and he served Palpatine well.

“What sort of punishment were you thinking of, my young Master Skywalker?” Chancellor Palpatine had asked him.

“Give her to me,” Anakin said simply. “I want her.”

Although Anakin hadn’t elaborated on the type of punishment he would inflict, Palpatine didn’t question Anakin any further when he was assured that the punishment would not only bend Padmé to Anakin’s will, but would also serve to break down the senator’s credibility with the leaders of the opposition as well as her closest supporters. It wouldn’t require Padmé’s actual death, Anakin said, merely an act of political and social suicide.

With that, the Chancellor grinned knowingly and asked nothing further, trusting in the man who served him so well, as his second in command and as a Jedi.

Anakin continued to observe Padmé as she maintained her futile vigil of the lake. He could sense her unease and anger through the Force and it amused him.

“Look at me,” Anakin persisted in a softer tone, taking a step closer.

Padmé’s throat constricted tightly. What was there to say? She didn’t want to spend any more time with him than was necessary and she had no interest in anything he had to say. His very presence in her home repulsed her.

Anakin’s hand came to rest close to where Padmé’s lay on the stone railing. Instantly, she inched away from him, rage seething inside.

“The Chancellor is fully aware of your connections to the Separatists, milady,” Anakin began. “You should be dead.” His voice almost sounded husky, rough.

“Why don’t you just get it over with then?” Padmé spat back, tired of his presence, tired of having to tolerate the Chancellor’s desire for power. Why couldn’t he just leave them all alone? She whirled to face Anakin, anger sparking in her deep set brown eyes.

Anakin allowed himself an inward smile. By the Sith! She was beyond beautiful. Even the expression of hatred and disgust shadowing her face did not diminish her perfection. Briefly Anakin recalled Padmé in her early days as the Queen of Naboo. How she had ardently debated in the Senate her opposition to several measures Palpatine had supported. Her main protest had been how independent planets like her home world were being stripped of their right to self rule. Padmé had quickly become a force to be reckoned with, especially since she had been able to gain support from important political factions within the Senate.

That had been ten years ago. Anakin had only been ten at the time and quite impressed by the passionate fourteen year old. Even with her heavy make up and the concealing robes befitting the Queen of Naboo, Padmé had showed signs of becoming a real beauty.

Through the years he’d had numerous opportunities to observe her and she had only grown far more ardent in her opposition to the Chancellor. Why Palpatine hadn’t disposed of her early on was a wonder to Anakin. He suspected that at first, the Chancellor had been mildly entertained by the young Queen and had enjoyed patronizing her, despite her frustrating ways and scathing words. But the kitten had grown up and Palpatine had lost his patience with her after he’d been scratched one too many times. The claws of a kitten were far different from those of a tigress.

Padmé looked up at Anakin in bemusement. He was nothing like she expected. Based on what people had said about the ruthlessness of Anakin Skywalker, she wasn’t prepared for the young man standing in front of her. Although his hood covered most of his face, Padmé was fairly certain that he was actually younger than she by several years. She tried not to stare, to not show her sudden curiosity about the face that terrorized the galaxy in the name of the Chancellor, but she couldn’t stop staring at the man before her.

Anakin smiled seductively and removed the hood with a flourish. Padmé blinked and bit back a gasp of surprise. He was definitely not what she expected. Anakin Skywalker was extremely handsome. Not at all what an executioner should look like.

A hot blush stained her cheeks. The Jedi's piercing blue eyes slowly raked over her small, slender form and Padmé was taken back by the blatant and naked desire she detected in Anakin's eyes. He didn't even try to hide it.

Almost against her will Padmé's gaze dropped from his face and moved lower to take in a body strong and firmly muscled, thanks to years of Jedi training. His very form exuded power and strength and Padmé was completely overwhelmed. Her anger momentarily forgotten, she was taken by surprise when Anakin raised his hand to outline the fullness of her lower lip with his fingertip. The contact of the rough, calloused pad lightly tracing her lips sent a shock wave of desire straight to the pit of her stomach and a slight tremor shook her. Before she could protest, Anakin bent down and took full possession of her lips with his. Padmé gasped at the unexpected contact. It was just enough to give Anakin the access he needed and he took the liberty to sweep his tongue inside and begin intimately exploring her sweet depths.

Padmé's senses reeled. She grabbed hold of Anakin's tunic for support. His tongue and lips were relentless. The onslaught of his kisses was intoxicating.

Abruptly, Anakin broke the kiss and lifted Padmé in his arms. She was shocked by how fast things were proceeding. She wasn't even sure what was happening. To let Anakin get under her skin was a betrayal of everything she held dear. How could she have let things go so far?

Padmé pushed against Anakin's shoulders. "Put me down!" she cried. "I'll scream!"

"That," Anakin said with a decisive tone, "is exactly what I want you to do, milady. I want to hear you scream with pleasure when I make you come."

Paying little attention to Padmé's outraged hiss, Anakin quickly swept down the corridors of the estate. "Where is your room?" he demanded.

"I'll never tell you!" Padmé cried out, desperately trying to free herself. "You'll never get the satisfaction. I won't let you!"

"That remains to be seen. Either you tell me where your room is or I can summon one of your servants to point the way."

Padmé unconsciously glanced toward the room at the end of the hallway. It was the briefest of betrayals but it was enough to tell Anakin what he wanted to know. He strode purposefully into the room she had unwittingly indicated, ignoring the squirming bundle in his arms.

The door closed behind them with a decisive bang. For Padmé, it felt as if her very life had been shut out with the slam of the door.

Anakin set Padmé on her feet but kept a firm hold on one arm. He looked down at her, smiling at his daring. For far too long he had secretly wanted Padmé. She always appeared so regal, so untouchable. Now she was his for the taking and all it took was a touch, a kiss, and she would be his. Even if Padmé tried to deny it to herself, he knew that she was meant to be his, just as surely as he knew that she wouldn't be able to resist him this night, or any other night for that matter. He would make sure that he would be the only one whose touch she craved, whose kisses consumed her very soul.

Although she was fully clothed, Padmé felt naked, exposed beneath Anakin's hungry gaze. Every inch of her body was coming alive for a man she should hate! She could feel every pore, every cell sing in anticipation as her breasts constricted almost painfully. The silky material of her gown suddenly felt rough against the sensitive tips. The elegant pale blue dress, normally cool and comfortable in the hot weather settling onto the area, was rapidly becoming restrictive and hot against her skin.

"I won't . . . I can't do this," she whispered with a hint of panic, more to herself than to him.

"Yes, you can," Anakin whispered seductively, his right hand snaking around her slender waist. He pulled her against him, letting her feel the evidence of his arousal.

Anakin let his cloak fall to the ground, his scorching gaze locking onto Padmé's nervous stare. She chewed on her lower lip nervously. He could see her mind was working furiously, analyzing ways in which she could try and escape him. Anakin almost laughed out loud. He knew that the last thing Padmé would do this night was escape him. In fact, by the time the night was over, she would never want to leave his side again.

"Let go of me!" Padmé insisted, her eyes meeting Anakin's in renewed defiance. "Don't you dare put your filthy, murderous hands on me. You haven't the right!"

Something in Anakin's eyes blazed in dark fury. How dare she refuse him! He could swear that she felt the beginning of desire within her. Now she was trying to suppress those desires for him, calling him filthy and unworthy of her?

Anakin's grip tightened painfully.

"For years," he rasped, "I've watched you, Padmé. I bided my time until you were in this dangerous position you find yourself in with Palpatine. He's given me permission to handle you in any manner I see fit. You really have no choice but to yield to me. And I have no intention of being denied."

"We've never even met before!" cried Padmé. "You're mad! You and your Jedi kind are not to be trusted. You are all puppets and you're the worst of all because you let your strings be pulled by that madman!"

Anakin raised his hand, his fingers itching to slap her and make her regret her insolent words.

Padmé tensed in anticipation of the impending blow, her eyes turning almost black with her fear and anger, yet she did not relent. She had hit a nerve and she recklessly strove to cut through it.

"Some mighty Jedi you are!" she continued, "to raise your hand against a woman!"

Anakin froze. He couldn't believe that in just a few seconds, Padmé had unsettled him to the point where he had almost lost control. For years he had always been so composed, always in command of himself. For the first time in his life his very existence was being challenged, questioned, and he didn't like it at all.

"I see no woman here," he raged, lowering his hand. He brought Padmé's face closer to his. "I only see a girl, biding her time, grasping at straws, avoiding her fate. But let me tell

you something Lady Nabberrie... this filth, this mere servant of your hated enemy will open you up like the sweetest of fruits and taste you to his heart's content."

Padmé stiffened, stunned at his blatant sexual innuendo. Even more shocking was the rush of arousal his words produced from her body. An almost painful, yet erotic sensation began to build up within her feminine core and burn through her veins.

Not giving Padmé a chance to further humiliate and berate him, Anakin's mouth clamped down over her outrage parted lips. He probed her mouth, sucking at her lips and her tongue hungrily. He coaxed her mouth wider still until Padmé tentatively started to respond back. Her tongue began to dance with his, her breathing sounding increasingly heated and rushed.

Anakin stroked the base of Padmé's neck before trailing his hand down to Padmé's breasts. He felt their firm and rounded shape, exploring them as if he was weighing fine fruit. He let his fingers rub lazily over a rapidly hardening nipple. To his delight, he discovered that Padmé wasn't wearing a shift beneath her dress and that silky material was the only thing that covered the upper part of her delicate body.

Catching Padmé's ear lobe between his teeth, Anakin began to nip at the sensitive skin with sharp tugs.

Padmé felt as if she was fast losing all reason. She unconsciously pushed her body into Anakin's explorations; her head falling back as Anakin traced his kisses down her neck.

Anakin's hands ran gently up and down Padmé's arms, pulling her closer to him. His tongue continued to trace small lines down her neck, nipping and sucking her flesh in slow lazy motions.

Padmé's eyes fluttered shut. She began to make soft moaning sounds that aroused Anakin even more. He removed Padmé's straps from her shoulders and swept them down her arms, exposing her upper body to his gaze.

Before Padmé had an opportunity to react, Anakin cupped both naked breasts and began to slowly circle her pink tipped nipples with his thumbs. He noticed with delight the beauty mark just above her left breast and he couldn't resist the temptation to bend down and lave the spot with a stroke of his tongue, before gently blowing upon it. Padmé shuddered, her desire for Anakin growing by the minute. She almost screamed when Anakin began to suckle and gently bite at one of breast while one hand continued to knead the other.

"Please!" Padmé breathed, begging for something she wasn't able to name.

However Anakin was intent upon taking his time with her. He made her wrap her arms around him as he continued to worship her body. He began to kiss her again and somehow, in between his attentions to her body, he rid himself of his shirt and utility belt with practiced ease.

The only article of clothing Padmé still retained was the black underwear hugging her rounded behind. As Anakin claimed her mouth once again, his hands skated down her back, smoothly slipping under the silky material and with a triumphant growl from deep in his throat he pushed them down until they fell to the floor of their own accord.

Padmé was now fully exposed to his gaze and Anakin pulled away from the kiss and let his eyes take full measure of her. Force! He thought. She was even more desirable than he

thought she would be. His hard member strained against his breeches, calling out for immediate release.

Before she had time to react, he pulled her to him for one more scorching kiss. Then he quickly shed the rest of his clothes and guided a dazed Padmé back onto the soft mattress of the bed.

Padmé was mesmerized by the sight of Anakin's body and he seemed unfazed by her curious gaze, if shy gaze. She tried not to notice how beautifully formed he was, and she tried to look anywhere but at his hardened member.

Anakin lowered Padmé down to the mattress and continued to explore her body with his hands and mouth. Padmé closed her eyes, letting these new found sensations wash over her. She almost panted in need as Anakin began to kiss her stomach, his fingers grazing the inside of her thighs. Anakin's thumb began to rub the sensitive tip of her femininity. It took barely more than one sweep of his finger for Padmé to begin shuddering, her body arching in desire.

It was too much, and Anakin couldn't wait any longer. Padmé's body was beckoning for him to enter, to take her and make her his own. He slid back up her body, gently parted her legs, and guided them around his waist. As he kissed her lips one last time, he commanded Padmé to open her eyes and look at him.

"You're mine," he stated in a tone that brooked no argument, "No one else will know you as I. You will always be mine."

Padmé felt utterly consumed by the rush of emotions that coursed through her. Her eyes fluttered shut as Anakin slowly entered her. Padmé gasped, clinging to Anakin's powerful arms. Her nails bit into his skin as he pushed inside her, tearing through Padmé's maiden barrier to burry himself deeply within. He grunted with male satisfaction, watching Padmé intensely for any signs of extreme pain. Even though he was determined to make her his, he wasn't about to make her fear him, at least not enough so she wasn't able to stand him touching her whenever he wanted. His goal was quite the contrary. He wanted to bend her so much to his will that she would crave his touch even when he wasn't around.

When he felt that her body had accepted the intrusion, he began to slowly move inside her, trying to give her as much time to adjust to the feel of him as possible. He shuddered as he slowly pushed inside of her and just as painfully wonderful pulled out. The steady rocking of his hips seduced Padmé's body as it slowly began to pick up and then conform to Anakin's rhythm. He cupped the smooth twin cheeks of her behind to give him a better angle into her body and Padmé grasped Anakin tighter with her legs and moaned at the new sensation. She had to shut her eyes again, overtaken by the intense emotions she was experiencing for the first time in her life. The various passionate sounds coming from Padmé only inflamed Anakin and he growled as he thrust harder, his teeth scraping the base of her neck. He nipped and licked at that sensitive spot while he moved faster within her.

The coil of tension that had been building inside suddenly snapped and Padmé screamed as she came hard. The sound of Anakin's name echoed around the chamber and lit a victorious gleam in the Jedi's eye. Then, just as abruptly, Anakin slowed his pace, letting the moment prolong itself, to add more to that poignant first time he made Padmé scream his name in ecstasy. That moment, he wanted to relive forever.

Anakin captured her mouth and kissed her deeply one last time, moaning his own satisfaction as he felt her tremble beneath him, and Padmé came undone. Through the Force, he felt the ripples of the violent orgasms he intentionally orchestrated, each one designed to last a little longer than the other. He knew just where to touch her, just how to arouse her so that she would never forget how he made her feel this night.

As Padmé gave into one last spasm, Anakin groaned and shuddered, loving the feel of her tight walls squeezing around him. She felt warm and so very perfect. His seed spilled forth into her womb in a rush, marking her as his.

Both were now breathing heavily in the aftermath of their union. Anakin gathered Padmé in his arms, settling the sheets around them. Padmé, tired and overwhelmed by the sheer insanity of what had just happened, instantly began to drift asleep, her thoughts fuzzy, and a mass of confusion. Just before she gave into her exhaustion, she thought she heard Anakin whisper, “Now, more than ever, I’ll never let you go.”

It was then she knew she had sold her soul to Anakin Skywalker and there was no turning back.

The End